



## A NEW SONG CALL'D THE PRIDE OF ARDAGH

Air—the lars of Gowry

The Moon was throwing her silver beams,  
O'er o'er n mountain hill and stream,  
As I wander'd to meet my Queen,  
My Colleen das from Ardagh,

In Ardagh town she doth dwell,  
That hamlet fair beside the well,  
She keeps my heart bound with a spell,  
This fair lass in Ardagh,

Her skin like snow upon the lawn,  
Her step as graceful as the fawn,  
The lark and linnet sings at dawn,  
The praises of my darling,

My darling too is young and fair,  
Her soft blue eye and golden hair,  
That flows upon the shoulders fair,  
Of her the pride of Ardagh,

Her heart is true her mind is pure,  
Her sire is rich alas I'm poor,  
Still she loves me well of that I'm sure,  
This goddess fair from Ardagh,

I told her legends long and wild,  
She listend to me like a child,  
I said I lov'd her then she smiled  
Ny Colleen fair from Ardagh,

I told her that in days of yore,  
Gld Ardagh was the seat of love,  
How Chittain's walterd in their gore,  
To free the maids of Ardagh,

She grasp'd my arm stout and brave,  
When I said I'd cross the briney wave  
To fight and Erin dear to save, h  
And free the maids of Ardagh,

O'er Knockfeiu's far glim bright,  
The moon is throwing her silver light,  
As my spirit takes a homeward flight,  
To meet the maid of Ardagh

